

The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With
MARION DAVIES
By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

It was in him to travel that way—the way of the glimmering, jeweled lamps, the road of the shining rails. But first he shoved his suitcase, with his foot, over the platform's edge, as though it had fallen there by accident. And, as though he had followed to recover it, he climbed down among the tracks.

There was a third rail running parallel to the twin rails. It was rooted with wood, lying in the shimmering dusk, he could look up under the wooden guard rail and see it.

Then, resting both legs across the steel car-tracks he reached out and took the third rail in both hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

The train that Cleland took, after calling Runner's heat on the telephone, landed him at the home station at an impossible hour. Stars filled the heavens with a magnificent luster; the July darkness was superb and still untouched by the coming dawn.

As he stepped from the car the tumbling roar of the river filled his ears—and the high pines' sighing under the stars, and the sweet-scented night wind in his face greeted and met him as he set foot on the platform at Runner's heat station and looked around for the conveyance that he had asked Stephanie to send.

There was nobody in sight except the baggage agent. He walked toward the rear of the station, turned the corner, and saw Stephanie standing there bareheaded in the

starlight, wrapped in a red cloak, her hair in two heavy braids. "Steve!" he exclaimed. "Why on earth did you come—you darling!" "Did you imagine I wouldn't?" she asked unsteadily.

"I told you over the wire to send Williams with a buckboard." "Everybody was in bed when the telephone rang. So I concluded to sit up for you, and when the time came I went out to the stable, harnessed up, and drove over here."

Her hand was trembling in his while she spoke, but her voice was under control.

They turned together and went over to the buckboard. She stepped in, he strapped his suitcase on behind, then followed her and took the reins from her gloved hands.

They were very quiet, but he could feel her tremble a little at times, when their shoulders were in contact. Then tension betrayed itself in his voice at moments, too.

"I have a night letter from Oswald," she said. "They telephoned it up from the station. He is coming tomorrow morning."

"That's fine. He's a splendid fellow, Steve."

"I have always known it."

"I know you have. I'm terribly sorry that I did not know him better."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)
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Literary Non-Smokers.

Among famous literary men who did not smoke may be mentioned Dumas, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Goethe, Heine, Shelley, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Lord Macaulay. Kipling, and Barrie are devotees of tobacco.

The Growing Child

Allow No Carelessness in Quarantine.
KEEP HIM WELL
U. S. Public Health Service.

If your child complains of pain below the ear, which is increased by movements of the jaw, by pressure, and sometimes by taking acid substance in the mouth, you may look for the swollen gland which will indicate that you have a case of mumps in the family.

This gland (the parotid) lies in such a position that when it is swollen in mumps the lobe of the ear is about in the center of the swelling. The gland swells rapidly, and usually both sides are involved.

In mild cases, these, together with slight fever, are the only symptoms. In more severe cases, there may be headache, vomiting, loss of appetite, and pains in the back and limbs. Severe attacks are seldom seen in children under twelve and most of the complications are seen after that age.

Children are much less susceptible to mumps than to other contagious diseases, and many of those exposed do not contract the disease.

PERIOD OF QUARANTINE.
The infection is communicated by the patient and by articles freshly soiled by discharges from the throat and nose. The time that elapses between exposure and the onset of the disease is usually about eight to ten days, but it may be anywhere from four to twenty-five days.

A child who has suffered an attack of mumps should be kept from other children until the swelling has entirely subsided and the child is in spite of the usual mildness of

HOW TO KEEP THE CHILD WELL.

The Washington Times has arranged with the U. S. Public Health Service to answer all questions submitted by its readers in regard to the health of the child.

Address,
Child Health Editor,
The Washington Times,
Washington D. C.

the disease no carelessness in the matter of quarantine should be allowed, because serious symptoms and complications do sometimes arise.

Permanent deafness may result from mumps, and in rare instances the kidneys, nervous system, or heart may be involved.

RELATION TO OTHER GLANDS.
The relation between the parotid and the sexual glands is not clearly understood, but that there is some relation seems to be indicated by the occasional involvement of the latter during an attack of mumps. In adolescent boys this involvement may result in sterility.

In view of the possible occurrence of these consequences, children with mumps should be kept away from those who are not known to be immune.



"Whene'er I take
my walks abroad,"
sang the eighteenth
century preacher.

It wouldn't have done him any harm to see a clever nursemaid, like you, out for the air with the young autocrat. Clever maids are usually found in the nicest positions because they read Times Want-ads. Those homes which have the nicest positions in Washington to offer know this, and whenever there is a vacancy they usually advertise in The Times—the 3c paper read by the discriminating employees and employers.

Better homes—better maids—
The Times is the bond between.

—Copyright

The Inside of the Cup

By Winston Churchill

This far famed story of love, sacrifice and spiritual regeneration will appear serially on the Magazine Page



A scene from "The Inside of the Cup," the great story which will be shown soon in motion pictures at the best theatre. Rev. John Hodder here visits Mrs. Garvin whose husband is the victim of a rich church-going hypocrite. She tells Hodder that Garvin is against church people.

Is Marriage a Success?

WANTED "GRIMES GOLDEN"—
GOT A LEMON.

Judging from C. A. Victim's letter he is surely a woman-hater. I suppose he was trying for a "Grimes Golden" and got a lemon, which has soured on his stomach. He reminds me of a "professional liar," who, when up against it for the first time perhaps, tries to lay the blame on the other fellow.

I will admit that some women are deceitful, but what about the men? And I'll wager that C. A. Victim is so crooked that he has to screw his socks on.

What about the men that go into matrimony labeled with pure love? Does the label always stick? Cheer up, C. A. Victim, perhaps your next "Grimes Golden" will be the real thing. If it is, be doubly sure that your love label is "pure" and will not wear off.

If Joe Frat lives up to his letter, he is hoping he will find the right one.

It is up to both the husband and wife as to whether marriage is a success. If both are perfectly honest with each other, each does their own share of the pulling and in the right direction and have the real, true love that thy should have, I do not see why marriage should not be a success.

VIRGINIA.

JEALOUSY OFTEN SKELETON IN CLOSET.

Not one of the various articles sent such a furious thrill through my system as C. A. Victim's "All Women Deceivers." I just wanted to shake him until his bones rattled. What a shriveled and dried-up nature that man must have. Such a dismal and forlorn outlook on life! A veritable chronic groan. Does he judge all women by the few "doers" he has known? Has he never had the friendship of an honest, above-board woman, one who could look him straight in the eye and speak the truth, no matter what the consequence? If cornered or brought to trial, can he honestly and truthfully say himself he has never known such a woman? I seriously doubt if he can.

I emphatically believe marriage is a success only on a fifty-fifty basis; not a one-sided affair which makes the husband "monarch of all he surveys," or vice versa, but a true partnership in all things.

Jealousy, the green-eyed monster,

BOOKS

SAND HOLLER. By Belle Kanaris Mantel. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Co.

"Sand Holler" is the latest work of the authoress of that delightful "Amarillo of Clothes-Line Alley," and tells the story of an odd little community in the South in which dwell homely and thoroughly human characters, which is discovered by Wade Sheridan, a somewhat opulent hotel clerk, on his vacation, who steers his faithful runabout far from the beaten path of the tourist.

Sheridan's advent brings about a train of circumstances which results in many unforeseen changes in the peaceful little community, and in the condition of its characters.

While humor of a quaint order is a characteristic throughout, the story is not without its thrill of mystery and its strain of romance.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly, and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble, and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences, and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly—your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's consent. Use only one side of the paper.

Address your contributions to
MARRIAGE EDITOR,
The Washington Times,
Washington, D. C.

is the skeleton in the closet in so many marriages. Yet there are a few people who believe in the old saying, "There is no true love without jealousy." A deep, fervent love is trusting and does not stoop to jealousy. What if some other woman does admire your husband? You, yourself, deep in your own heart, are proud of that knowledge; proud to know you were the one to capture him, so why let jealousy in?

H. W. G. L.

STEPMOTHER GETS LOTS OF KNOCKS.

I am a stepmother and I feel sorry for any girl who places herself in the place of mother over any child or children that are not her own, without they are small when she marries the father.

I have done every thing that a mother could do or would do for her own. I am not a mother, but a stepmother, and have had to suffer on account of it. Anyone can see the difference anytime between mother, father and children, if they will sit up and take notice. The stepmother gets a lot of knocks and pangs on account of stepchildren, that really are not due her. Any woman or girl should look her up, and see what the consequence? If cornered or brought to trial, can he honestly and truthfully say himself he has never known such a woman? I seriously doubt if he can.

I emphatically believe marriage is a success only on a fifty-fifty basis; not a one-sided affair which makes the husband "monarch of all he surveys," or vice versa, but a true partnership in all things.

Jealousy, the green-eyed monster,

ways respected her, as I did all other girls I ever went with and took them on their word of honor.

She expects to marry me some day and through worrying over the matter I have lost all ambition in life, all through a dirty, low down, mean person, who picked out a sincere fellow and ruined his life. I dare not tell this girl about the case, as I also deeply love her and do not want to risk losing her, as she is constantly on my mind, and I would die for her, if necessary.

At times she catches me in deep thought, and asks me if there is anything in my life that worries me, and I always tell her there is nothing. Readers, can you tell me what to do, if there is anything I can do?

DOWNHEATED.

HERE'S ONE WHO IS NO DECEIVER.

"C. A. Victim" must think he knows everything about women. No doubt he does—but the wrong side of a woman. He may call women deceivers, liars, in other words, I wonder if he stops to consider that his mother was a woman. And, if all women are deceivers, then his mother is a deceiver also. The men I have for friends do not think I am a deceiver. They consider me as their pal.

I think "C. A. Victim" isn't much of a man, otherwise he would have more respect for womanhood.

A NORTHERNER.

FROM AN UNHAPPY MAN.

Is marriage a success? I should say not. I have been married thirty years. My wife and I have disagreed from the day we were married. We have two children who are now both married. She always said as soon as the children were older she would leave me. She is

A Daily Recipe

BOILED APPLES.
Put on the fire in a nice agate saucepan one pint of water and one pint of sugar with a pinch of salt. Let boil for five minutes after it really starts. Have washed and stuck several times with a silver fork four nice apples, or as many as will go in the saucepan not crowded. Put two whole cloves in the syrup; boil the apples (whole) until they can be pierced with a broom splint.

Remove to a glass dish, pour the syrup over them and serve cold with gingerbread or spiced wafers.

When a Girl Marries

An Interesting Story of
EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle.

"ANNE, what have you done?" demanded Sheldon Blake, turning on me and showing a livid face that might betoken either rage, chagrin or misery. What his interest in Virginia was I didn't know. That he had no right to any, and so no right to any consideration, I did know. But it didn't lessen the fact that it would be distasteful to have to blurt out the truth here and now. While I hesitated about answering Sheldon's question, and Jim looked as miserable and helpless as I felt, Phoebe flung herself into the breach. She leaned forward and put her hand gently on Sheldon's.

"Shelly, you've been such a good friend to me and Jeanie that I think you'll want to be the first to know of our happiness," she said. "And these other dear people are such close friends that we want them to know before the world finds out. I'll be speaking to Jim and Anne have been so close to this that now it's happened it has struck them dumb."

Jim's hand found mine under the table, and I leaned back almost relieved that Phoebe had gone so far we couldn't interfere now.

"Virginia never stopped being Pat's wife," went on Phoebe, with unconscious use of Pat's very words. "The separation was nothing at all—nothing but stupid words the law and their own hearts gave them a right to forget. Now they're forgotten—so everyone who loves them must forget they were apart so long. That's all."

VAL'S SOLUTION.
"How charming!" murmured Val dreamily. "If ever I suggest a leave of absence from you, Lane, old dear, you'll know I got the idea out of the mouths of babes, as it were—and right from your dear friends the Harrisons."

She turned the battery of her eyes on Shelly as she spoke, but he seemed not to notice her. Her look turned to scorn as he brought out a fumbling comment which plainly didn't express what he felt.

"Are congratulations in order? And so, where should they be addressed?" he asked.

"To our little Anne, I reckon. I'll bet she engineered the meeting that gives these lucky folks a chance to find their happiness again before they'd lost it for keeps," said Uncle Ned in his nice, deep voice. "My bride and I are a long sight happier for your folks than you are likely want to hear outsiders say."

"I want to hug you all!" cried Aunt Mollie. "But I guess you'd rather we didn't brush dew off things for you. Only I'd like to tell you though you haven't asked it, that we'd be proud to keep this a beautiful secret."

"We'll have to form ourselves into a club for the protection of encores honeymoons," said Val lazily.

Then, again, she addressed herself to Sheldon. It seemed as if she suspected him of deep feelings in the matter and was amusing herself with the delicate torture of seeing him wiggle like a fish on a hook.

"Then have a way of OK-ing your tastes, haven't they, Mr. Blake? Show a girl a little attention and she captures a fiancé in a straying husband or some such prize. Now if my Lane ever starts philandering with Anne, for instance, and I want to get him to appreciate me again I'll send for you. Will you come?"

A SWIFT RETORT.
"If you send for me," replied Sheldon, making a stab at his usual gallantry, but bringing out the words in a cold, flat voice Val didn't miss.

Then a very limp seemed to get into her.

"Let me see," she said. "There's that Miss Mason you rush now and then; she's had at least two fiancés. And you were rather nice to our Phoebe before she captured Neal from someone or other. And now—"

Phoebe's eyes met mine and I got their message.

"Make her stop. This is awful. Humiliating for Neal and me and cheapening for Sheldon."

I opened my lips for words, random words—anything to stem the tide of Val's malice, the cause of which I couldn't guess. But it was Sheldon who picked up the cause she had thrown down. Evidently she had goaded him too far and he was in no mood for chivalry or the gallantry with which he generally addressed women, no matter how he felt about them. And, as for me, it was clear that however he felt about Virginia he resented my part in removing her from his orbit.

"You were asking me what I'd do if you sent me an S. O. S., Mrs. Cosby," he tossed at Val. "I'd come, you know. Those promising eyes would never flash a come-hither look in vain. But if our Anne ever enmeshes your man I'd advise you to kiss him goodbye; she's such a clever manager. But I can't guarantee I'd let you slip through my fingers as easily as all the other heroines have done. You're the sort of a woman a man must ignore or conquer."

"Say, what is this, anyway? A dinner or a problem play?" asked Lane. "But if someone will kindly keep my wife interested, so she won't notice and tell me I'm fat enough without, I'll order a second portion of this duckling. It's great."

There was something like disgust in the look Val flashed at Lane. But the flash modified to languor again as she turned to Shelly and challenged him.

"You mourn your lost loves. I mourn my husband's lost lovely figure," she said scornfully. "I think I'm tempted to send that S. O. S. right now."

(To Be Continued.)
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Mashing

What The Times Readers Think.

I heartily approve of the campaign to break up mashing in this city. There is entirely too much of this going on in certain districts which make it difficult for a young girl to go out at night unless accompanied by a male companion.

But when it comes to the campaign being waged by the women's bureau of the police department, I think they go entirely too far.

I have before me a newspaper account where early Tuesday morning, at 1:30 o'clock, Mrs. Mina C. Van Winkle and one of her associates won a great battle by arresting several men in an auto who had accosted them. Although the men put up no defence and their side of the story was not even told, this lady admits that she and her associates were walking along at 1:30 a. m., expecting to be picked up.

I gladly welcome anything done to protect young girls, but when two women, at this time of the morning, walk around downtown it seems to me that they invite anyone to accost them.

BUSINESS MAN.



They end corns
now in this scientific way

People who know—millions of them—now end all corns in this way.

They apply Blue-jay, either in liquid or in plaster form. It means but a touch and takes but a jiffy.

The corn pain stops. Then the Blue-jay gently undermines the corn so it loosens and comes out.

The modern way

Blue-jay was invented by a chemist who studied corns.

It is made by a laboratory of world-wide repute.

Old-time treatments were harsh and inefficient. Blue-jay is gentle, quick and sure.

Now all corns are needless. All these pains can be avoided. To let corns remain while you are and pad them is folly.

You can stop a corn ache the moment it appears. You can end a corn completely before it can develop.

Blue-jay has proved these facts to millions. It will prove them to you—and tonight—if you let it.

Quit the old methods of dealing with corns and see what this new way means. Your druggist sells Blue-jay.

Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
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